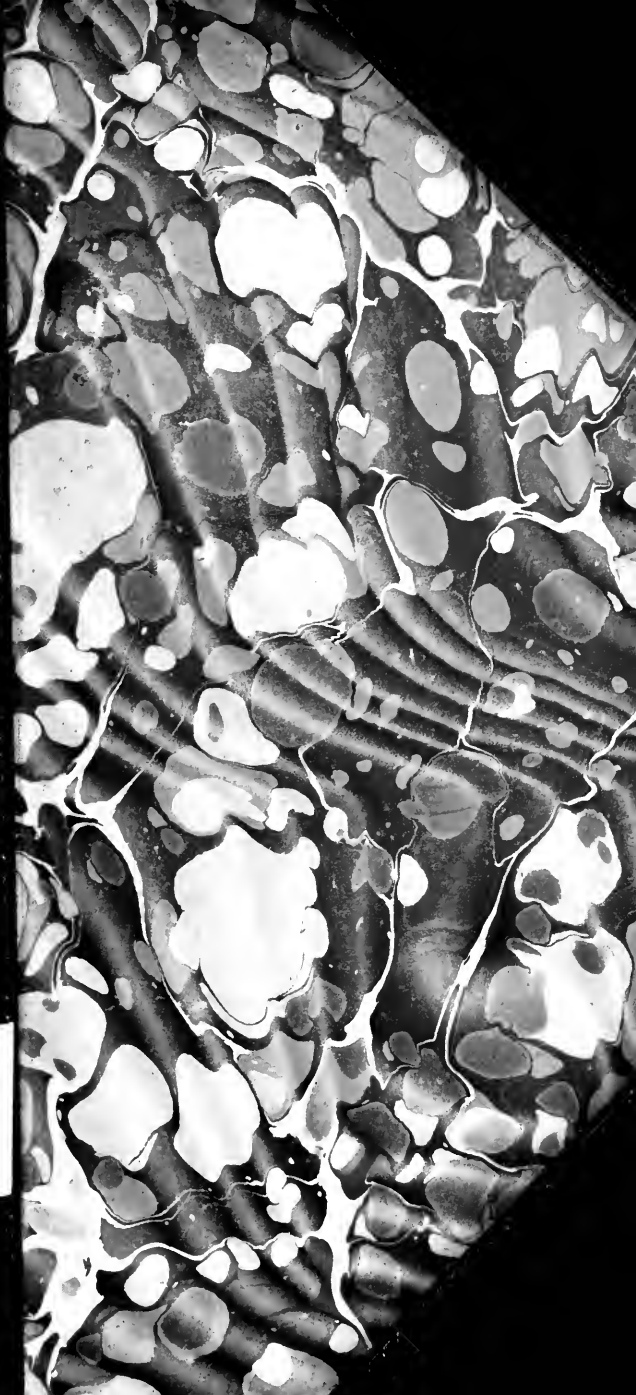
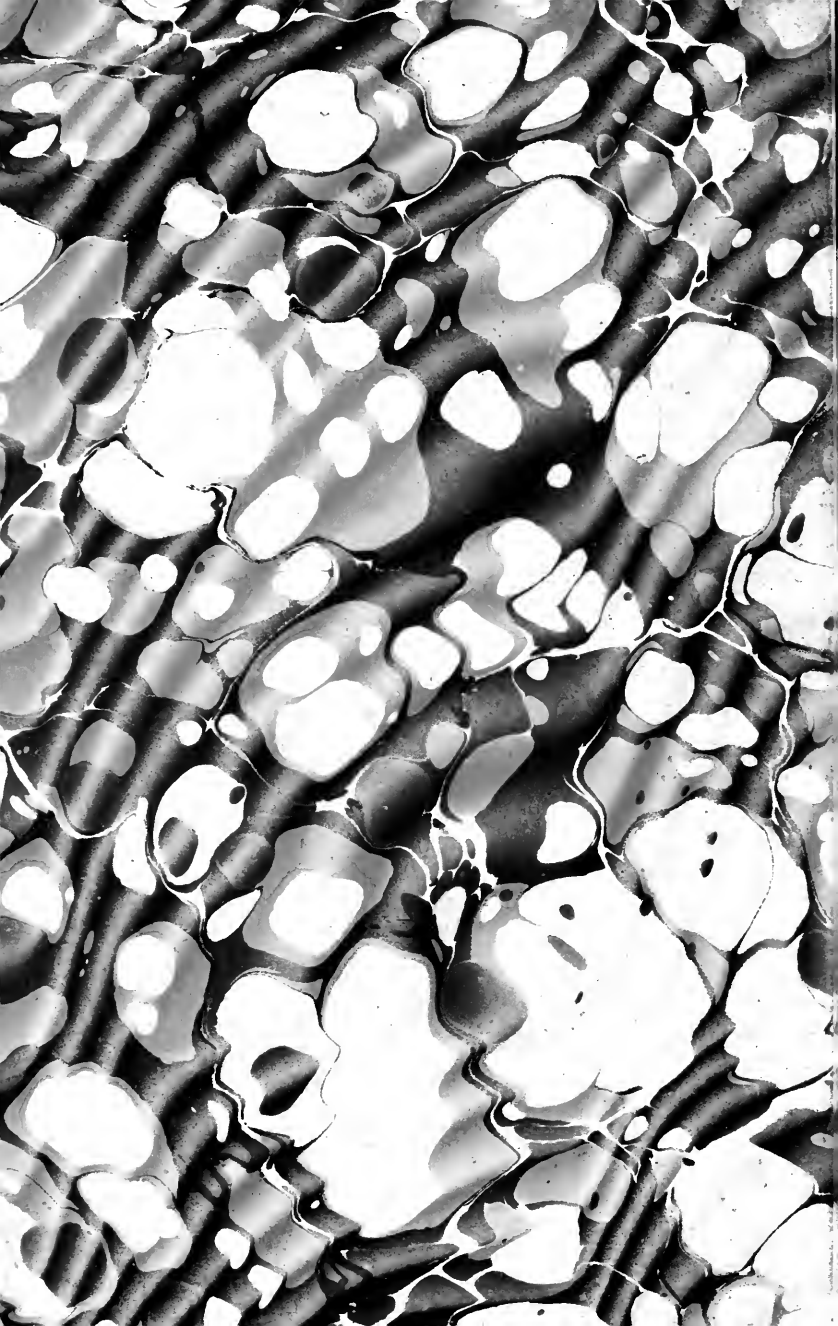


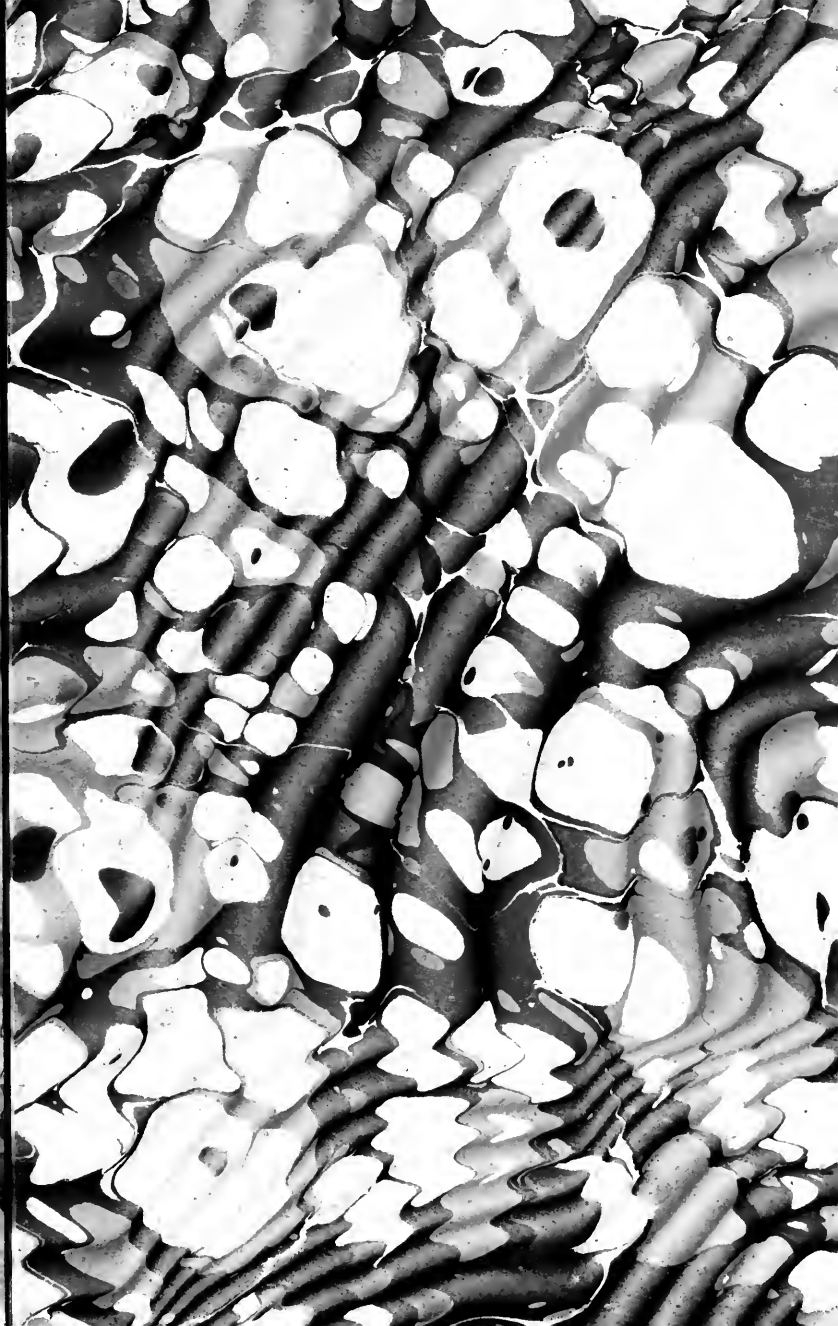


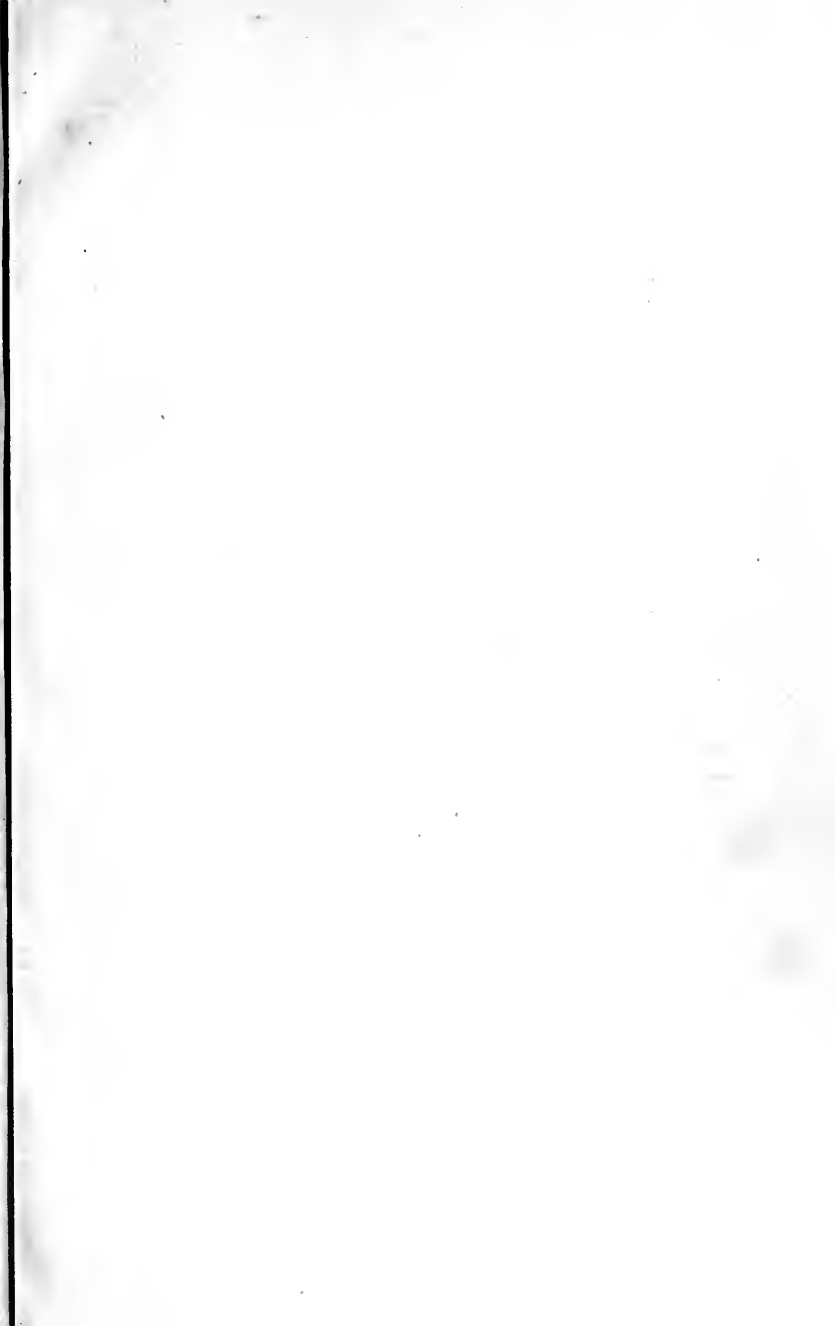
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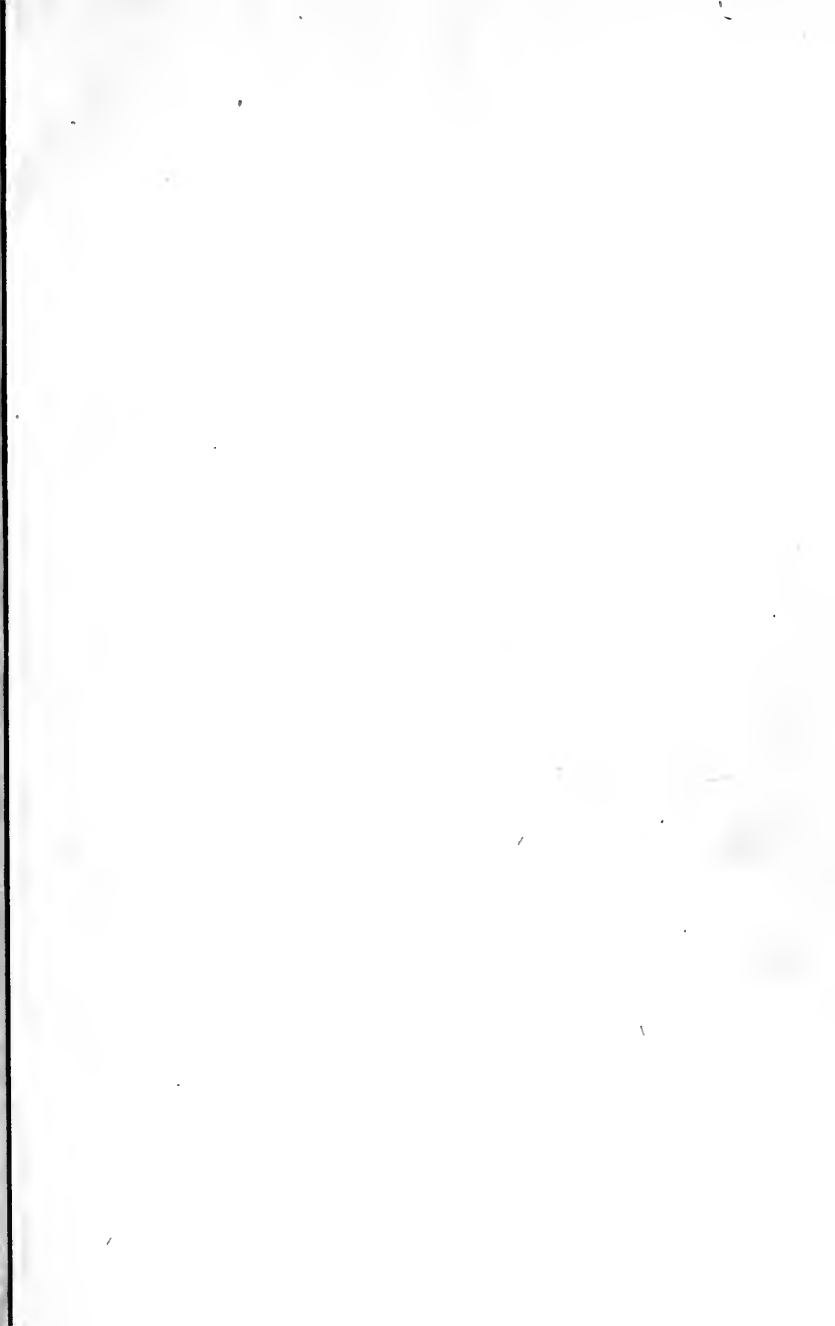














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SCENE FROM THE HUSBAND,

BY J—S S—N K—S.

AUTHOR OF THE "WIFE."

THE following scene is not, perhaps, in the happiest vein of the writer's great dramatic genius ; but it, nevertheless, contains some of those points of style for which he is conspicuous. His predilection for making his high-born heroines fall deeply in love with humble heroes, is here happily combined with another of his characteristics—that of making his women the wooers of his men—instead of allowing his men to be the suitors of his women. The little incident of the storm and the umbrella, is evidently founded on the hurricane and the standing up under the tree in the author's play of "Love ;" though we think of the two, the situation in the following scene is rather the better ; for there is certainly more scope for by-play and the niceties of the dramatic art, under an umbrella, than could possibly be shown with effect beneath a rock, or a fixed tree, at the back of a large stage, like that of Covent Garden Theatre.

SCENE—*A Park.* Enter the COUNTESS OF SUMMERTON walking, and JOHN the Footman, attending her.

Countess. Oh why did nature make of me a Countess,
And yet make him a common serving man ? (*Looking round at him*).

Is that a form to serve ? Deuce take his leg !
That leg is always running in my mind.

John (advancing). I thought my lady spoke.

Countess. You thought, indeed !

What right have you to think ? 'Tis not your place,
Your office is to serve.

John. I would no better (*he retires back*).

Countess. Why, hang the fellow, how that air becomes him,
His very modesty abashes me ;
And yet his boldness might embarrass more.
Come hither, John.

John. My lady !

Countess. Will you come ?
I said come hither, and you cry, " My lady !"
As if " My lady " meant to say, " I come."

John. My wish, my lady, was to study thine,
So thou wouldst see if thou couldst read my heart.

Countess. Thy heart ! And what is that ? A footman's
heart ?

Hast thou a heart at all ? Or, if thou hast,
Is it a heart that thou canst call thine own ?

John. If I can call mine own what I have lost,
Then still my heart is mine, though I have lost it.

Countess. I'd like to know what thou dost call a heart.

John. It is a thing of weakness, yet of strength,
Yielding but firm—'tis soft, and yet 'tis hard.
But when 'tis not one's own, 'tis harder still.

Countess. Why, how the knave describes my very self.
You talk too freely, sir.

John. O lady ! lady !

Countess. Beware, sir, how you do mistake my speech.
Thou art a varlet, arrant serving knave,
And I a countess, great, and nobly born.
What right hast thou to wear thy shoulder-knot,
With such a jaunty and chivalric air ;
As if it were thy buckler, not thy badge ?
Emblem of knighthood, not of servitude.
Who was it taught thee, sirrah, to obey,
With such a high-bred air of courtesy,
That seems to fit thee rather to command ?

Or if these are the gifts of Nature, sir,
Why did not Nature crown her work at once,
And make thee, not a footman, but a lord—
A Baron—Earl—a Marquis—nay, a Duke ?

John. I'm not of Nature—the apologist—
Nor know I why her works she has not crown'd.
But this I know, we shall be crown'd ourselves,
And by the hand of Nature—for I swear,
A storm begins to break above our heads,
Crowning our crowns with precious stones of hail (*the storm rises*).

Countess. Yet, there you stand, as fast as adamant,
Immovable as rock, and dull as stone.

John (offering an umbrella). I beg my lady's pardon ; but
her eye
Made me forget the lightning's vivid flash,
And to my ear her speech did drown the thunder.
For sound and vision touch in vain the sense,
Unless they reach the mind ; the mental whisper
Is heard amid the battle's loudest din.
'Tis not the largest object fills the sight,
The eye may rest upon a thousand forms,
And yet see only one. Ay, even now
Trees, meadows, gardens, lie before my vision,
While nothing I behold but——

Countess (coolly). Sir, the rain !
You carry that umbrella in your hand,
While I'm unsheltered. You forget your station.

John (giving the umbrella). No, not my station—I forgot
myself ;
My station, lady, is to be your slave.
Were I a Duke 'twould be my station still. [*He retires up.*

Countess (putting up the umbrella, and looking occasionally at JOHN from under it).

How noble is his speech, how proud his gait !
How well he bears the storm ! The pelting rain
Dashes in vain against his lofty brow.
He shakes it from him as the lion shakes
The moisture from his mane. Heaven ! how it pours,
Yet here I stand alone beneath this silk,
Whose wide expanse would amply shelter two,
While he gets wet, because he is—my servant.
A victim to conventionalities,
What is the world to me—I to the world—
That I should be its slave—its abject slave ?
No, no ! Let Nature leap upon her throne—
That throne the human heart. Come hither, John.

John (running forward). I thought my lady called. Oh !
was I right ?

Countess (endeavouring to assume a cold dignity). Sir, you
were right—yet you were also wrong.
Right in the thought that I did summon you—
Wrong in your manner of approaching me.
I called you, sirrah, to fulfil your duty.
Are you aware I'm holding this umbrella.

John (taking it and holding it over the COUNTESS). Your
pardon, lady.

Countess. Come a little nearer,
The drippings, sirrah, fall upon my dress.
Nay, do not stretch your arm to such a length,
A distant weight is always heavier far
Than one that's near ; an ounce upon a steelyard
By moving on one inch becomes a pound.
Come nearer to me—nearer, sirrah, still ;

Not that I wish you should approach me, sir,
 Except to make the weight that's in your hand
 More easy to be borne.

John (drawing nearer). I feel no weight,
 At least none in my hand. (*Aside*) Keep up my heart!

Countess. Oh! this is more than I can longer bear.
 The rain comes faster every moment down,
 And he is getting soaked; it must not be.
 Come nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer still. [*Clinging to him.*]
 This is distraction in its wildest sense,
 I cannot bear to see the thing I love——

John (with intense passion). The thing you love, oh say those
 words again!

Repeat them till the very tongue drops down
 Between the aching jaws, then let the lips
 In a mild murmur take the accents up,
 And when no more the weary lips can move,
 Let echo whisper still "The thing you love."

Countess. My secret's known at last; now let it die;
 Strangle it in its birth; hearts will be hearts;
 And love will still be love—but there an end:
 The storm is over; walk behind me sirrah.

[*He retires several paces behind her.*]

Countess (with intense emotion, as she goes out). Beat, heart!
 thy throbbings meet no human eye!
 Down tears! betrayers of the inmost soul.
 'Tis but one effort more, (*with a tremendous effort to maintain
 her calmness*).

John, follow me!

[*She bursts into tears and rushes off the stage, JOHN rushing wildly after her.*]

HUMBUGS OF THE HOUR.

BY D—S J—D.

AUTHOR OF "BUBBLES OF THE DAY."

THE comedy from which the following scene is taken, like many of the works of its author, is very severe upon the lawyers, and the dramatist in his desire to lash makes the attorney—his principal character—occasionally lash himself with extraordinary bitterness. This the author would, no doubt, defend, by asserting that it is in the nature of the scorpion to dart his sting into his own back ; at least such may be his excuse if he thinks a scorpion black enough and venomous enough to bear out the comparison. It would appear to be an error in this comedy that Joe, the errand boy, is as smart upon his master as his master is upon him ; but it is, perhaps, a piece of ungrateful hyper-criticism to complain of a dramatist for putting wit into the mouths of all his characters, when to put it into the mouths of any is a difficulty that some of the writers for the stage in the present day appear to find insurmountable.

SCENE—*A Lawyer's Office.* CORMORANT (*a Lawyer*) seated at a Table
TOOL (*his articled Clerk*) sorting Papers near him. (JOE an Errand Boy) in attendance.

Cormorant. Now, Tool, double the sum total of those costs, and then send in the bill to Softly.

Tool. Very well, sir. But what if they should insist on a taxation ?

Cormorant. What if they do ? Graball and Co. are on the other side, and they will consent to anything. Lawyers are

like cog wheels, which, while turning apparently different ways, are both grinding for the same object.

Joe. Or rather like the paddles of a steam-boat, which, though they are on different sides, generally go in the same direction.

Cormorant. You are right, Joe ; and like the paddles of a steamer it is hot water that keeps them going.

Tool. Blinker will be here presently, sir, about the unclaimed dividends. He has left the forged will.

Cormorant. In the name of Mammon, silence ! We are not to know that a will is forged ; our duty is simply ministerial. We are the mere instruments in the hands of Blinker.

Tool. True, but if he is the Vulcan of Doctors' Commons we are at least the Cyclops.

Joe. Or, at all events, if we do not strike the iron we provide the brass, and so show our metal.

Cormorant. I like your philosophy, Joe. A boy who at your age can joke with a toothsome smack of the real relish upon the rascalities of an attorney's office is destined for the woollack. But you were born in the house, and imbibed roguery with your mother's milk.

Joe. My mother having eaten your bread—I've heard her say it was not *manna*—the roguery I imbibed in my youth is easily accounted for.

Cormorant. Well ! I want no gratitude. I could well spare all you got.

Tool. And your generosity seems to have been fruitful even to yourself, for you have grown richer in the very commodity you bestowed with a hand so bountiful.

Cormorant. Has my brother Jonas, the sheriff's officer, been here to-day ?

Joe. I've not seen him, sir.

Cormorant. He was to have taken my client Spooney in

execution on a false judgment yesterday, and I was to have lent him the money at a ruinous interest, until we could bring an action for false imprisonment, which I was to advise him to settle just before going to trial, and so pocket the whole of the costs.

Tool. But might he not have objected to abandon the chance of gain for the certainty of loss ?

Cormorant. Hum !—he was a client of mine. Besides, could we not have transferred the doubt to the pleadings, and by uncertainty in the declaration have given a certainty to the issue ? But where is my brother the auctioneer, he should have been here by this time ?

Tool. You sent him to sell up the widow in Pentonville, and knock down, without reserve, the orphan family at Knightsbridge.

Cormorant. Well, and hasn't he had plenty of time to have done all that. The widow's goods were plethoric ; there was some meat upon them. But the orphans ought to have been short work, for I had plucked their father to the bone before they buried him.

Joe. Did he leave a will, sir ?

Cormorant. Do you think, Joe, I 'd ever let a client of mine be reduced to such a very disagreeable necessity. No, no, I always take care of that, by administering to all he has myself in his own lifetime. By-the-by, Timkins looks consumptive, and has still got a little house-property left. I must have it before he goes, for I detest an unjust tax, and I have the greatest contempt for the legacy duty. Timkins's relatives shall not be saddled with that burden at any rate, if my professional skill is of any use to me.

Tool. What is to be done with Jones's overdue bill for twenty pounds ?

Cormorant. It's been three years unpaid, has it not ?

Tool. Three years and four months yesterday.

Cormorant. Then add an 0 to the twenty, and write to him

for two hundred. I dare say he's got a bill for that amount somewhere, and if he hasn't it don't much signify.

Tool. But if he should get a scent of the imposition?

Cormorant. Pshaw! it's not civet. Put half a dozen names on the back of the bill, and then, of course, we can't answer for what may have been done to it, in the course of its circulation.

Joe. Besides, you know sir, by putting an additional 0, we in reality add nothing.

Cormorant (laughing.) Very good, Joe. Egad! you're a capital fellow, you shall have the serving of the next writ. I know you admire the stern humanities. It's five miles to walk, and the defendant has sworn he'll half kill the scoundrel who attempts to serve him. But what of that, Joe? that's nothing, is it? ha, ha! "The labour we delight in, physic's pain." The poet was right there, Joe, wasn't he? Come along Joe, I shall make a man of you in time. With your roguery, you may hope to be at the head of your profession.

Joe. Then how is it that you are almost at the bottom of yours?

Cormorant. Because extremes meet sometimes, I suppose, Joe.

[*Exeunt CORMORANT and JOE.*]

Tool. If extremes meet, I don't wonder that there's such a close connection between you and me, for you are the extremest villain, and I the greatest ass in existence. But stop a little bit Mr. Cormorant, I'm nearly out of my time, yours has yet to come.

[*Exit TOOL.*]

SCENE FROM THE TEMPLARS.

A REJECTED COMEDY.

BY SERJT. T—D.

AUTHOR OF ION.

THE dramatic Muse may be justly proud of the homage of this gentleman, who has raised an altar to her in the Court of Common Pleas, and allowed the brain of the poet to burst out from beneath the coif of the Sergeant. It is to be regretted, that, as somebody is said to have said of somebody else, that he gave to parties what was meant for mankind, the author of "*Ion*," by failing to carry off Mr. Webster's prize—a result that his necessary attention to his profession has, no doubt, occasioned—must be considered to have given to Westminster Hall what was meant for the Haymarket. His love of forums and classic fanes, has led him to lay his principal scene in the Temple, though he has not been enabled to carry out to the full extent the same classical spirit which induced him to turn John into Ion, and Thomas (*vide* the "*Athenian Captive*") into Thoas ; still his choice of subject, and a richness of classical illustration, worthy of the very best editions of Lempriere, will, it is to be hoped, stamp the following scene as not unworthy to be classed among the learned Sergeant's former productions.

SCENE.—*The Interior of the Temple. Benchers on the right. Barristers on the left, and Students in the centre. MACDONALD and AUGUSTUS reading from a slip of parchment. JULIUS standing near.*

Chief Benchers. The noble exercise is now performed,
Exercise worthy of old Saxon pile,
And student ardent for pursuit of fame.

Benchers and barristers ! men of high thoughts,
To solemn work of justice given up,
As thoroughly as Hannibal to hate
Of Carthagenia's sons. These signs around
Old windows mellow with the deep-stained glass,
Armorial emblems mocking Time's advance
With vivid colouring ; deep as was the blush
That young Latona wore, when driven out,
By jealous Juno, from the realms above,
Till lighting, as the classic story goes,
On Delos' isle, by Neptune's friendly care,
She found a home in the Ægean sea.

Steward. The oath is now administered.

Julius.

'Tis well,

And we are called, Augustus and myself,
Macdonald also : called all to the bar.

Steward. 'Tis true !

Chief Bencher. Know ye the path ye have to tread,
I'd tell it ; but perchance I have no need.

Augustus. We know it well. Though orient is the sun
That shines upon our adolescent brows,
Still we have seen the circumambient clouds
Obscuring future path ; as if old Nox,
Oldest of all the gods, daughter of Chaos,
And sister to dark-fronted Erebus,
Were heaping cumulative shadows up,
To make obscure the way that lies before.
But Julius speak, why are you silent ?

Julius.

Why ?

When hearts are full there is no way for words.
'Tis true that Cadmus, by Minerva's aid,
Did rear a crop of men from dragons' teeth,
To teeming Terra's infinite surprise.

Still human hearts are not of earthy stuff,
And what they bear, they bear : unlike the earth,
Which, in the act of bearing, grows more free,
As did the goddess Hercules that bore,
Alcmena was her name ; Amphitryon's wife.
Amphitryon was the Theban monarch called.

Macdonald. Pardon me, noble benchers, if I ask
A boon, like that which Phaëton implored
From Phœbus, his own sire.

First Bench. What is that ?
The rash youth Phaëton made rash request.
It was to drive the chariot of the sun.
The which the god permitting, down he came,
And buried in the ever-classic Po
The hot-brained Phaëton his sisters three
Did on the river's bank for aye lament.
If your request at all resembles that,
We must not grant it.

Macdonald. All I ask is this,
In mine own chariot let me drive you home.

First Bencher. 'Tis well ! this high assemblage we dissolve.
Come lead me out, for I am very old.
When will the dawn of second childhood come
Over the spirit, like a heaven-born light
Breaking beneath the darkness of old age ?
Why is it thus ? are frames less strong than wills ?

THE ABSURDITIES OF A DAY.

BY J. R. P—E.

AUTHOR OF "FOLLIES OF A NIGHT."

WE think it is Hamlet, who, on a strolling company being introduced to him, makes some very pertinent observations on the stage, and who, in giving directions for disposing of the poor players, desires his attendants to "see that they be well furnished." This point appears to have struck forcibly on the mind of Mr. J. R. P., who has done for the stage what Eamson and Co., the furniture dealers, propose to do for "Persons about to marry." He may, in fact, be called the great Upholder of the Drama.

[The stage represents a splendidly furnished drawing-room. There are two windows in the flat, each with a gilt cornice, in the style of Louis Quatorze; the curtains are of satin damask, and there is a deep fringe over the top (this fringe must be exactly one foot in depth, for a good deal of the interest of the piece is wound up in it; the cornices must also be massive, for the incidents hang upon them). In the centre of the stage is a round table with gilt claws, and on the top is a light blue silk embroidered cover. Between the windows is a practicable mantel-piece, with a French clock upon it, which must strike the quarters; for it must be heard twice in the course of the scene, as there is a joke that depends upon the striking of the clock twice within a quarter of an hour. On the table is a copy of the "Court Journal," the "Book of Beauty" for last year, and a camellia japonica in a small Dresden china flower-case. The carpet is a real Axminster, and a pier glass stands at the back of the clock, running from the bottom of the stage to the

top, so that the heroine may see herself in it at full length, as her principal sentiment depends upon this effect being fully realised. The chairs are en suite with the curtains, the frames matching the cornices. There are several copies in alabaster of the Laocoon, the Venus de Medicis, the Dying Gladiator, the Three Graces, and other well-known pieces of sculpture scattered about the room, which must be highly scented with eau-de-cologne, so that the odour may reach the back row in the upper gallery. On the rising of the curtain, LADY DE STANVILLE is sitting with three spaniels of King Charles's breed lying at her feet; LORD DE STANVILLE is eating a bisouit devilled in champagne; and HONORIA DE STANVILLE is playing the Polka on a Broadwood's piano, while DASHINGTON is practising a few of the attitudes to the music before the pier glass.

When the music ceases, the clock on the mantel-piece strikes twelve, commencing with the chimes for the quarters, and then striking the twelve for the hour with the timbrel, which is now added to all the Parisian time-pieces.]

Dashington. Twelve o'clock, upon my imperial. Why, I'd bet a pair of Houbigant's last importation to a *petit pot* of the *cirage de moustache*, that if I were to devote three more of my precious hours to this *maladetta* Polka, I should be none the nearer to it than San Giovanni di Laterano at Rome is to the Punjaub.*

Honoria. I must own you are rather *gauche*. But I will make Thalberg tell me all about it when he comes to give me my *leçon de musique*. He has seen those odious Bohemians dancing it all over their horrid country.

Dashington. What a dreadful infliction! By-the-by, is not Thalberg the fellow who nearly frightened me into fits, by

* San Giovanni di Laterano is one of the churches of the Eternal City, as Rome is frequently called.—(Vide "*Pinnock's Catechism of Modern Geography*.") The Punjaub is somewhere near the seat of the late war. I forget exactly where, and I have not time to look over the daily papers in which it is alluded to; but I refer the curious reader to the "*Times*," the "*Herald*," the "*Chronicle*," the "*Post*," or the "*Advertiser*."

thumping a great piano to the very verge of annihilation at that wretched alternation of instrumental and vocal murder, which some animal with an Italian name had the audacity to call a concert ?

Honoriam. I believe Thalberg did play on the occasion you allude to.

Dashington. You may call it play, but may I never bask in the *sorriso della bellezza* again, if I did not think it the hardest work I ever endured to listen to it. It was nearly as bad as having to support upon my fragile arm that odious old Duchess of Battersea, when that superannuated nuisance, the Ex-Chancellor, thrust her upon me as a cargo to be conveyed to the dining-room.

Honoriam. Oh, you are a confirmed quiz. Mama, listen to Dashington : he don't like Thalberg.

Lady de S. Mr. Dashington, my dear Honoriam is *un peu sévère*. He is one of those hypercritics whom society is apt to spoil, by giving to his sneer the weight of a sentence. His sarcasm, my love, may be compared to those pretty little moss roses we saw in the Duke's conservatory last spring ; or perhaps to this camellia japonica, which Israel sent me from Covent Garden this morning—it blows, and goes.

Honoriam. I do not understand you, mama. Am I to infer that you disapprove of Mr. Dashington's style ? Is there anything *mauvais* in his *ton* ? Or do you think there is *trop de légèreté* in his character ?

Lady de S. No, my dear ; I should be sorry to accuse him of *légèreté* on such slight grounds. But your papa has finished his devil, and will be ready to talk with us about the day's arrangement. (*Approaching LORD DE STANVILLE*). Now, my love, that you have disposed of your *goutte diabolique*, perhaps Honoriam and I may claim your attention ?

Lord de S. My dear lady de Stanville, you are always claiming my attention, when the nation seems to require it.

Honorio. My dear papa, I wish there were no such things as nations ; for you are always full of the nation when we want you to talk about some little *affaire de plaisir*.

Dashington. *Vous avez raison, ma chère.* Politics are only fit to be talked over by great coarse men, with some horrible liquid placed before them in frightful vessels made of pewter.

Lord de S. There is your error, Dashington. It is the coarse men, with the frightful vessels made of pewter—your patriots, with their pint pots before them, that do all the mischief. If the constitution had been preserved in champagne, we never should have seen it so swamped in half-and-half, as I told the Premier as lately as yesterday.

Honorio. Well, papa ! I hope the Premier will act upon your information.

Lord de S. (smiling). Ah, Honorio ! Dashington, I see, has inoculated you with some of his own disrespect for the British bulwarks. But be assured, my dear child, we shall never sneer stability into the throne, nor extinguish the flame of revolution by an epigram (*the clock strikes a quarter past 12*). I wish Dashington would imitate that clock, and give us occasionally some quarter.*

Dashington. I own that I am apt to be *un poco terribile*, when I speak of politics ; but, really, I had such a complete *dégoût*, when my imbecile old uncle, the Viscount, would insist on sending me into that odious House of Commons, where the wretches go to sleep in their hats instead of their nightcaps, that I hate the very name of Whig or Tory.

* It will be observed, that this is the joke which renders it necessary that the clock on the mantel-piece should strike all the quarters ; and the preceding dialogue must be so timed that the point of the joke comes in precisely at the proper moment.

Lady de S. Well, Honoria ! we will leave the gentlemen to dispose of the nation at their own convenience. I must go to the Bank, and give it to Herries well, for letting me overdraw my account so awfully. I must then abuse Antrobus for sending us such dreadfully strong tea, and afterwards call on Storr, to desire him to send Mortimer down to look at the point of your papa's pencil-case. Good morning, Mr. Dashington.

Dashington. *A revedere.* I kiss the tip of your *troisième doigt*.
[*LADY DE STANVILLE and HONORIA exeunt.*]

Lord de S. Dashington, a word with you. I cannot be insensible to the fact that Honoria loves you, and doats on you with all that devotion which a young and tender-hearted creature, just gushing into womanhood, is sure to feel towards the one object who first elicits from her that passion which, for weal or woe, is to make or mar her future existence.

Dashington. *Très-bien.* Proceed. Your lordship interests me. *Parole d'honneur.*

Lord de S. When that fair creature's mother first placed her infant form in my enraptured arms, I swore an oath, Dashington——

Dashington. *Parbleu !* What a horrid, naughty thing to do at such an interesting, I may almost say, such a holy moment.

Lord de S. (*sternly*). You mistake me, sir.

Dashington (*aside*). *J'ai mis mon pied dedans.* (*Aloud*) I beg your lordship's pardon.

Lord de S. It is granted. Well, to resume my story. Where was I ?

Dashington. Holding your baby, and swearing an oath.

Lord de S. Right, right, so I was, Dashington. The oath I swore was this :—Never to crush that bud, when it should become a blossom ; never to tear away that tendril when it should have become a branch ; never to plant a dagger in that breast, so fair, so young, so innocent.

Dashington. I admire you for your good intentions. They do you credit ; and though I may seem the mere *papillote* of the moment, believe me, my lord, I have a protecting wing for Honoria, which she may safely nestle under.

Lord de S. This language, indeed, delights me. In the words of the wary Richelieu, *c'est bien*.

Dashington. But let me bring to your mind the king's * reply to him.

Lord de S. Another time, Dashington. Now to look for the ladies.
[*Exeunt* LORD DE S. and DASHINGTON.]

* The king's reply I do not know, and if I did, I think it would only have impeded the action of the piece to have introduced it. In Maun-der's Treasury of History, I find nothing at all like it ; and Boyle's Chronology is equally silent. The Penny Cyclopædia is rather more satisfactory ; and the whole of the article on Richelieu in that work will repay the reader who happens to be ignorant of the wily statesman's character.

JANE JENKINS;

OR

THE GHOST OF THE BACK DRAWING ROOM.

BY E. F——ZB——LL.

AUTHOR OF "JONATHAN BRADFORD," OR "THE MURDER OF THE ROAD
SIDE INN."

THIS gentleman's works stand in the same relation to the dramatic literature of the country as that in which the "Chamber of Horrors," at Madame Tussaud's, may be said to stand with reference to the rest of the collection. No man has done more with the stage; for, while ordinary dramatists confine themselves to a single scene, the author of "Jonathan Bradford" represents four at once; in which tragedy on the first floor is combined with comedy on the basement; or farce in the two-pair harmonises with opera in the attic. In the following scene he has gone even beyond himself, for he has added a sort of sepulchral ballet in the back drawing-room, to the usual apartments within which he has hitherto circumscribed his extraordinary genius.

The stage represents a house with the front taken off, so as to show at one view the front parlour, the entrance hall, the front drawing room with folding doors (shut), and the front attic. JANE JENKINS sitting in the drawing room reading. SUSAN SAUCEBOX in the attic mending a pair of stockings.

Jane Jenkins (in the drawing room.) Another hour gone in reading, and Harry not returned. Oh, man, man! How little do you know the heart of woman. Your selfish love is like the

impetuous surge dashing against the flinty rocks of the briny ocean ; but hers is pure, deep, and disinterested as the pearl that lies at the bottom. [Goes on reading to herself.

Susan Saucebox (in the attic). Well, that stocking is heeled, and if I could heal the lacerated feelings of my poor missus as easy as I've done that, I should be worth another pound in wages, and tea and sugar into the bargain, that I should. It's too bad of master to stop out as he does, keeping me up and knocking missus down so low that she'll mope herself to death. It sets me all of a tremble to think of it. Oh lor ! (*screams*) what was that ? I'm sure I heard something. It could'n't have been the cat, for he's out for the evening ; it warn't missus's bell, because it didn't ring ; perhaps it was my Peter giving me the signal, by sending a pea, through a pea-shooter, against the window. Poor fellow ! I mustn't leave him in the cold, if it is him, and so I'll run down at a wenter and let him in.

[Exit from the attic.

Jane (in the drawing room). I'm sure I heard a noise. I am not given to fancy, for my heart has been too much used to reality—real suffering—to think of that. No, could it be Harry ? Oh ! if I thought it could, I'd borrow the wings of Mercury, and fly to the street door to let him in, as the moth flies to the candle that consumes him. No, no, it would be too much happiness. It cannot be, Harry never comes home till the morning now. I'll e'en read awhile longer.

[Goes on reading. A gentle knocking is heard at the hall door.

Enter SUSAN SAUCEBOX on tip-toe into the hall.

Susan. Well, here I am. I've managed to pass the drawing-room door, and get into the hall. When a servant of all work wants to do anything without her missus hearing her, she should always go on tip-toe, that's what makes me stand so high as I do. (*A noise is heard at the street door.*) Oh ! what was that ?

She gives one very loud scream. Jane in the drawing room starts up, listens a moment, and then exclaiming "It must have been the wind!" goes on reading.

Susan (still in the passage.) Oh, what a fool I am to be sure; it was only Peter, who else could it be? (The street door is forced open, and LORD DAGGERLY with BLACK FRANK the Bargeman, both masked, enter the hall. SUSAN is about to scream when LORD DAGGERLY holds a pistol to her head, and BLACK FRANK places a cutlass near her throat; she shrinks from it, all round the stage. BLACK FRANK follows her with a sword in his hand, but suddenly stops and looks at SUSAN.

Black Frank. Why Susey, is that you my gal?

Susan. Black Frank! Why I thought you'd been comfortably hanged, drawn, and quartered these four years. Why where did you spring from?

Black Frank. Never you mind. You ask no questions and you'll hear no lies.

Susan. But what has become of you all this time.

Black Frank. I've been upon my travels, ha, ha, ha! (*to DAGGERLY*). Hav'n't I my lord?

Susan. My lord! why is that a real live actual lord? I never saw a lord before. How d'ye do, my lord?

Daggerly. Hush! I must not be known. (*Aside*) This fellow's familiarity may ruin all; but I have embarked thus far in the road of guilt, and come what may I *must* go through with it. Oh! if the world could only read the torments written in letters of adamant on this blackened heart, the innocent would shrink from me, and even the guilty would greet me with that look of calm contempt which seems to say "there goes the assassin of his brother's heir, the usurper of his uncle's property." (*During this speech BLACK FRANK and SUSAN have been talking together, and they now both come down to the front.*)

Susan. No, but I won't, Mr. Frank.

Black Frank. Yes, but you will, Mrs. Susan.

Susan. I shalln't, and I can't, and I won't now, that's more.

Black Frank. Oh, but you will, and you can, and you shall, and no less. (*He kisses her ; she runs off the stage, and he runs after her.*)

Jane (in the drawing-room). All's quiet now. I'll try to sleep, and when Harry comes I'll welcome him with a sweet smile, like that which the balmy south pours upon the bounteous earth ; or as the sun, constant to the sunflower, illumining all it rests upon. (*She sinks to sleep ; slow music.*)

Daggerly. Now for my bloody purpose. The title deeds, I know, are put away in the room above. If I am thwarted blood must be spilled—but whose blood—ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !—not mine—not mine. (*Rushes off frantically towards the drawing-room.*)

Re-enter BLACK FRANK and SUSAN.

Susan. I wish you'd mend your ways.

Black Frank. You'd better ask the parish to do that.

Susan. Oh, you are such a wag. Now what would you say if I were to accept you ?

Black Frank. Say ! Why that you were a regular trump, and then I'd retire, and then we could keep a little farm together.

Duet, BLACK FRANK and SUSAN.

“ When a little farm we keep,” &c.

[*At the end of the duet both go off together.*]

Daggerly (opening the drawing-room door, and entering). All's quiet. She sleeps. The title deeds, I know, are kept beneath that very sofa. How to obtain them I know not. There is but one way (*he draws his dagger, and goes towards JANE to stab her*). How like my mother (*he turns away*). No, no, no. I cannot. I must not. (*He throws the dagger down, and JANE*

starts up at the noise. She looks round the room very slowly, so that DAGGERLY is able to elude her glance by keeping just behind the part of the room she is looking at. She goes to sleep again, when he forces up the lid of a box with the point of his dagger. A skeleton springs up with a will in his hand, pointing to the signature, which is written in blood. DAGGERLY swoons in the skeleton's arms, and both fall together into the box, which closes with a spring. JANE wakes up, and HARRY entering at the moment, they lock each other in each other's arms. BLACK FRANK and SUSAN rush in to form a picture. Blue fire, and the curtain falls.

FLOREAT ETONA.

BY D. L. B—T.

AUTHOR OF "ALMA MATER."

THE author of the following scene has had the felicitous idea of making the head-master of Eton not a mere dull pedant, but a decided wag, though his jokes partake of the property of "Antiquity," which Gray in his Ode on Eton College, has very properly attributed to its "towers." The rich practical joking which contributed so much to the success of "London Assurance," has been introduced here with good effect, and the top of the gas lamp being larger than the knockers brought in by the hero of his former play, proves that the author's ideas have greatly expanded since he first burst upon the public as one of that almost extinct species—the writer of a successful Five Act Comedy.

There is a good deal of freshness imparted, by the description of a Fox Hunt, which places Reynard quite in an original point of view, and the author's admitted mastership of the dramatic art of surprise is admirably brought out by the new mode in which the Fox is ultimately captured.

SCENE—*A Room in the House of one of the Dames. Enter LORD MORTON with the Reverend PETER PAIDWELL, his tutor. PAIDWELL has got the top of a gas-lamp in his hand, and MORTON a Basket of Apples. They are both laughing immoderately.*

Lord Morton. Well, my worthy tutor! We have had a splendid morning's study. We have been reading the Book of Life, my Reverend Mentor, or, rather, tor-mentor; and that's better than all the foolscap in the universe.

Paidwell. Why, yes, my lord; there's some truth in that. As Cæsar said—

Lord Morton. Hang Cæsar. What am I to do with this basket of apples—for here comes the Doctor?

Paidwell. The Doctor! Where shall I go? What shall I do?

Lord Morton. As to going, go nowhere; and as to doing, do as I do.

Paidwell. But the Doctor! What shall I say to him?

Lord Morton. Wait till you hear what he's got to say to you. Ahem! (*Coughs.*)

Enter the DOCTOR.

The Doctor. Why, how is this? Not at your studies, Lord Morton? You should not make yourself such an *us in præ-senti*, if you expect to have any *ease in futuro*. I never see you without thinking of Virgil's line—*Arma virumque cano*—because the last word of the three appears to me to represent a thing you stand very much in need of.

Lord Morton. There you're wrong, Doctor. Isn't the Doctor quite in error, Mr. Paidwell?

The Doctor. Mr. Paidwell, I didn't see you before. I hope your pupil is pursuing his studies (*seeing the apple-basket in LORD MORTON'S hand*). But, bless me! What has he got there?

Lord Morton. These, sir—these are *Poma*. The Latins, sir, called them *Poma*. We call them apples. Would you like to taste one, Doctor? (*Cramming one into the DOCTOR'S mouth.*)

The Doctor. No, no, thank you (*munching the apple, and almost unable to speak*). No, no, I—I—I—

Lord Morton (*aside to PAIDWELL*). We must get rid of him. Don't let him speak a word.

Paidwell (*aside to MORTON*). I'll tackle him a bit. All you've got to do is to cram an apple into his mouth, whenever he opens it with the intention of saying anything. (*To the DOCTOR*) You see, Doctor, I thought it necessary that our young friend here should taste the fruits of education.

The Doctor. But apples, sir, are not the fruits—

[*LORD MORTON thrusts an Apple into the DOCTOR'S mouth.*]

Lord Morton. Apples not the fruits? Taste them, Doctor. Try another.

[*The DOCTOR runs to the back of the stage, munching, with LORD MORTON after him.*

Paidwell. You see, Doctor, there are in these days so many new lights, that they require looking into.

Doctor. They do.

Lord Morton. An apple, Doctor?

Doctor. No, thank you (*he retreats a little*).

Paidwell. As I was saying, Doctor, the new lights must be looked into.

Doctor. They must—(*LORD MORTON holds up an apple, and the DOCTOR slips away.*)

Paidwell. Well, Doctor, if you look into a light, whether new or old, you must take the top off; so I took the top off one of the gas-lamps in the town, and here it is; look at it—(*puts it on the DOCTOR's head; LORD MORTON jams it furiously down. The DOCTOR tries in vain to get off the top of the lamp, which fits tightly on to his head; he rushes about the stage frantically, without being able to see, and LORD MORTON continues pelting him with apples. At length the DOCTOR runs off, LORD MORTON throwing the basket after him.*)

Lord Morton. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I never had a fancy for doctor's stuff; and, as I leave to-morrow, I thought I'd convince the Doctor of my good taste before I quitted him.

Paidwell. Ha, ha, ha! I shall get my dismissal; and your Lordship will, of course, fulfil your promise about the chaplaincy to your uncle, the Duke.

Lord Morton. Ay, that I will. You are a worthy fellow, Paidwell, and your heart is in the right place, if your head is not. I wouldn't give a straw for your puritanical parsons—fellows with prayers upon their lips and humbug in their hearts. No, no; give me the clergyman who can hunt the fox. What so inspiring as a fox-hunt! Yoicks! yoicks! go the hunters.

On, boys, on ! The pack is on the scent. That's right, Pincher ; that dry ditch will give us a fox, for a pound. They've started him. There he goes ! See how slyly old Reynard sits down to count the number of the dogs before they come up to him. Now he's off ! Yoicks ! yoicks ! slapping away across the main road, never stopping to look at the mile-stone, but flying right over it, pack and all, like waves over the sand at low water. Now they slacken their pace—how beautiful ! There they go, along the side of the hedge, undulating gently, like so many zephyrs floating towards their home in the west ! Yoicks ! yoicks ! They're off again ! Reynard will be too much for them this time. Mark how he looks round, and winks at the dog nearest to him. Now they give tongue. Ha ! they'll have him now ! But no, the turn in yonder copse has proved a harbour of refuge. Yet, stay—what's that ? A shepherd's dog, turning round the corner, meets Reynard face to face, and all is over. There, Paidwell, let any man, after that, say, if he dare, that he despises fox-hunting.

Paidwell. I do not. I believe it to be one of the bulwarks of the constitution.

Lord Morton. You're right, Paidwell. I never see one of those honest old faces cased in leather breeches, and hear those invigorating cries of yoicks !—whether in the baritone of manhood or the falsetto of extreme age—without thanking Providence that there are still a few British hearts left beneath the buttoned-up blue coats of the English country gentlemen.

Paidwell. Your sentiments do you credit, my Lord ; and though the exuberance of your spirits sometimes induces you to deprive a citizen of his street-door knocker, what are a few knockers more or less when weighed in the scale of the British constitution—that palladium at once of the peasant and the peer, the yeoman and the earl, the prince and the people.

[*Exeunt PAIDWELL and LORD MORTON, arm-in-arm.*]

A STORY OF LONDON.

BY LE—H H—T ;

AUTHOR OF "A LEGEND OF FLORENCE."

THE scene from the Comedy sent in by this gentleman is enriched with a variety of metre and a homeliness of illustration, imparting such an air of truthfulness to the composition that we fancy it is not poetry we are reading, but prose. As every line commences with a capital letter, we become convinced—if we go on long enough—that we are perusing verse ; and when we put down the book, we feel satisfied, by the mystifying influence exercised over ourselves, that the poet, like Iago, " means more—much more—than he unfolds." The comedy, from which we have quoted, must have been one of those select few that puzzled the Committee for a very considerable time. We confess that the one scene has puzzled us, and we can therefore sympathise with the individuals who had to form an opinion of five acts of similar material.

SCENE—*The exterior of the Tusculum Villas in the Surrey New Road.
A Daisy in the foreground, and Polyanthes in pots at the side of the stage.*

Enter SMITH and BROWN.

Smith. Have you seen Robinson—that very best of
Good worthy fellows—one of your men that we can
Trust with our lives ?

Brown. No, sir ; I have not seen him ;
I thought the morning air he would have wished to
Taste, as it only can be tasted, early,
Before the noon.

Smith. Can he be housed ?

Brown. It seems so,

For if he were not housed, it's very probable
He would be out of doors, scenting the morning
Air through his freshened nostrils.

Smith. Ay ! that's like him ;
I've known him over a posy of field flowers,
Nothing but marigolds, buttercups, and a few
Poppies—an hour ponder.

Brown. He loves the country.

Smith. Ay, that he does.

Brown. I'd rather be unhearted,
Incapable of pleasant old affections,
Than lose my relish for the meadows or
The honest hedge that defends them from intruders—
As errant cow, or some too rampant pony,
Turned out to grass into its rightful owner's
Paddock, and prancing wildly into that of
His master's neighbour.

Smith. Robinson is the merriest
Dog in the place, and few that I know are like him.

Brown. He's an old fellow after my own heart ;
I like to see him over a book, with his eye
Not on the page, but bent on mental vision,
Prompted by pithy sentence, which he read
A quarter of an hour ago and dwells on still :
They call it dreaming—they—the world I mean ;
Because they do not understand it. Robinson
Is one of those uncomprehended creatures
That people can't make out ; he's heaped up virtues.

Smith. This is his house, if I am not mistaken,
His daisy that, and those his polyanthuses.

Brown. They are : the house he calls his little Tusculum,

For he respects classical names, and why
Should he not do so, if the custom likes him ?
I've heard him say he fancies himself Cicero,
When looking out of his window, on to the bed
Of flowers. But then an omnibus passing by,
Making a dust, reminds him he is also
Nothing but common dust—much commoner
Than the great dust that Cicero was made of.

[*A chirp heard in the distance.*]

Smith. Was that the lark ?

Brown. It sounded very like one.

The lark is like the cousin to the linnet.
The family of birds, with sounds familiar,
Seem all alike to me when they're all singing.
The grasshopper is a relation of the cricket,
One in the fields—raising all day a merry
Chirrup ; the other in doors. He breaks forth at night,
Down in the kitchen—tuneful, too, on the hearth.

Smith. This pleasant conversing we must no more
Indulge—for labour is the lot of man.
Nature is nature—business is also business.
So let us in to call on Robinson.
I've words to say to him—not over sugary,
He owes me twenty pounds ; and I must now
Have it, by hook or crook.

Jones. The world's ill used him ;
So it appears to me extremely probable,
That if at all you get it—which much I doubt,
'Twill be as you have purposed—with a hook.

[*Exeunt together into the house.*]

THE SCHOOL FOR SENTIMENT;

OR

THE TAR ! THE TEAR !! AND THE TILBURY !!!

BY G——T A——T a'B——T.

AUTHOR OF "THE SEMINARY FOR SENSIBILITY," AND OTHER
MS. DRAMAS.

THE extreme conciseness of this gentleman's style enables us to print his comedy entire, and when we see the wide range of subjects it embraces ; the rough honesty of the tar ; the recklessness of the libertine lord ; the abiding endurance of the patient girl ; the affectionate bluntness of the admiral her father ; the merry promptness of the coxswain to indulge in one of those hornpipes which constitute the distinctive character of the British seaman ;—when we see so much genuine nature, such pathos, such a wholesome enthusiasm for English commerce, such a nice feeling for the peerage, which makes the libertine lord repent in the fourth act ;—when we see all this, we are only surprised that the comedy is in this collection instead of being acted on the boards of the Haymarket. Whether the fine and healthy tone of British sentiment, whether the well-turned compliments to the English merchant, would have told in the present day of artificial institutions, may be doubtful ; but with all respect for the committee who rejected the "School for Sentiment," we think the experiment was worth trying. Perhaps Mr. Webster may yet be tempted to cast a piece, so evidently written with an eye to his present company.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE—*A Room.*

Enter Tom.

So my young master's going to sea. Well, if he can see anything in the sea, I can't. Oh, here he comes.

Enter HERBERT.

Tom. So you actually go, sir ?

Herbert. Yes, Tom ! Go I must ; for the man who, when his country requires his arm, refuses to give his heart, is a poltroon, Tom—a poltroon.

Tom. Ay, sir ; but you have given your heart elsewhere. Miss Emily, sir.

Herbert. Ah ! Tom—that name has touched a thousand chords in my bosom—don't mention Emily, unless you wish to unman me, Tom !—(*He weeps.*)

Tom. Nay, sir ; I never meant this.

Enter the Coxswain.

Coxswain dances a naval hornpipe, while TOM and HERBERT talk aside.

Herbert. Well, Coxswain, is the ship ready ? Have you reefed your best bower ?

Coxswain hitches up his trousers, and bows.

Herbert. Then, hurrah for Old England !

Tom. Hurrah !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE—*A splendid Drawing-room.*

Enter EMILY, with a telescope.

Emily. Ha, what is splendour ? Nothing ! My heart tells me so ; and the heart of woman, like the loadstone, never deceives.

Enter Servant, who announces LORD TINDER, and Exit.

Emily. Ah ! let me give one look towards the ship that contains my own Herbert. Alas ! no longer mine, but his country's.—(*Looks through telescope.*)

Enter LORD TINDER.

Lord T. Ah, Miss Emily—surveying the beauties of nature. Happy, happy telescope !—would I were that telescope.

Emily. You are a telescope, my Lord ; for I see through you.

Lord T. Ha, ha ! Very good. You are severe, Miss Emily.

Emily. My Lord, do not insult me. Though I am the humble daughter of a merchant, let me tell you, my Lord, that England owes everything to her commerce ; and there is no higher eulogy can be pronounced on man, than to say he is a British Trader.

Lord T. But, Miss Emily—

Emily. Nay, my Lord—hear me out. Your wealth I despise ; your rank I might respect, but your advances I loathe, and your pretensions I reject with all a woman's scorn, and more than a woman's firmness. [Exit EMILY.]

Lord T. Well, I'm sure, a pretty business this, truly. 'Pon honour! [Exit.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE—*The Cabin of a Ship.*

Enter HERBERT and the ADMIRAL.

Admiral. True, very true, young man. Shiver my old timbers—but it's very true.

Herbert. Well then, sir, may I still cherish the hope of your daughter Emily's hand ?

Admiral. Cherish the fiddlestick. Splice my old figure-head, if I ever heard the like. What ! on the eve of an action, when every breeze that blows abaft the binnacle is like the voice of a little cherub that sits up aloft urging us to put forth all our force for Britannia ?

Herbert. Sir, I feel as you do ; but you are not in love.

Admiral. Love ! ods tarpaulins, rope-ladders, mastheads,

mainsails, and marling-spikes ! what does the fellow mean ?—*(Taking his hand.)* Well, well, boy ; let's get the enemy fairly put under hatches, and then we'll talk about it.

Herbert. Thanks, sir—a thousand thanks.

Admiral. Come, come, don't stand palavering here. To the deck, to the deck—for the man who, while the British Lion is roaring out for assistance, would stand thinking about himself, is unworthy of the name of a British seaman.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE—*A Street in London.*

Enter LORD TINDER and SCAMP.

Lord T. Well, Scamp, is everything ready ?

Scamp. It is, my Lord.

Lord T. And the tilbury in which I am to carry off the girl ?

Scamp. It is, my Lord.

Lord T. You are a precious scoundrel, Scamp.

Scamp. I am, my Lord. *[Exit SCAMP.]*

Lord T. Now then for my plot. It is an awkward business, and I feel I am acting a part unworthy of the high character of a British nobleman.

Enter HERBERT.

Herbert (starting). You here, my Lord ?

Lord T. Yes, 'tis I. 'Pon honour !

Herbert. My Lord, I cannot see the honour of persecuting an amiable girl, or trifling with the young affections of a virtuous female.

Lord T. But, Sir—this language to me—a Peer of the realm. 'Pon honour !

Herbert. Nay, my Lord, though you were ten thousand Peers,

I would assert the dignity of British manhood ; and with the last gasp of my breath contend for the honour and safeguard of lovely innocence. We shall meet again, my Lord. Till then, farewell ; and remember, my Lord, that the purity of the female heart is brighter than any gem that the proudest noble wears in his glittering but hollow coronet. *[Exit.*

Lord T. Severe ! 'Pon honour ! Perhaps, after all, the fellow is right. Well, well, he shall see that the fickleness of the butterfly need not be accompanied with the sting of the wasp or the venom of the adder ; and he shall find that generosity, like a thing mislaid, is often found where we least expected to discover it. *[Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE—*A Ball-room.*

Guests dancing, Servants handing round refreshments. EMILY at the window looking earnestly through a telescope.

Emily (coming forward.) How these odious sounds of gaiety afflict my heart. What is wealth ?—a bauble, that we have to-day, and find flown to-morrow.—*(Cheering is heard without.)*—Those sounds—what can it mean ? It cannot—yes it may—no—no—it would be too much—too much happiness.—*(Sinks on a sofa. The guests resume the dance.)*

Enter the ADMIRAL and HERBERT.

Admiral. Blister my old figure-head, but this is a good idea of Emily, to receive her old sea-horse of a father with a ball.

Herbert (seeing Emily.) Why, what is that ? Ha ! it is—it is her sylph-like form ; but see—the gushing blood has left her cheeks—her hand is cold, her lips are motionless—She is—dead—*(seizing the Admiral.)* Unhappy old man—you—you—have murdered your child. .

Admiral. I know I have ! Why did I refuse my consent to

your marriage until after our return from sea? Why did I?
Oh, why did I?

Herbert. Ah! old man! Why did you?

Enter LORD TINDER.

Herbert. My Lord, this intrusion is indecent. Behold your work! (*points to Emily, who suddenly recovers. Herbert rushes into her arms; both scream with joy. The Admiral begins to dance, and sings snatches of an old naval song.*)

Lord T. Well, I'm at sea. 'Pon honour! I came to relinquish my claims to Miss Emily's hand.

Herbert. Did you, my Lord? Then take mine; and the Peer need never be ashamed to grasp in friendship the hand of the honest seaman.

Admiral. Hollo there. Not so fast. Haul in your yard-arms a little bit. Am I not to be consulted?

Emily (chucking him under the chin.) Nay, papa, you know you're such a kind—good—amiable—handsome—

Admiral. Whew! (*kissing her.*) Oh, you little baggage. (*To Herbert*) There, my boy! take her; but mind, only a hundred thousand down, and when Davy Jones invites your old father to his locker—(*weeps.*)

Herbert. Nay, sir, don't talk thus.

Emily (wiping her eyes.) You make me sad.

Admiral. Well, well, child. Let's hope that all our friends around will forgive

THE TAR.

Emily. And sympathise with

THE TEAR.

Lord T. And say not a word about

THE TILBURY.

GRANDMOTHER BROWNWIG.

BY M—K L——N.

AUTHOR OF "GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD."

THIS gentleman, with a highly creditable respect for age, has given dramatic vitality to "Grandfather Whitehead" and "Old Parr," whose name will go down to posterity in connection with the "Life Pills," which our author probably had in his eye (we hope he never had any in his mouth), when he wrote the last-named drama. It is understood that M. L—— after having exhausted the annals of modern longevity, will seize on the venerable Methuselah, and drag him through all the exciting incidents of a five-act play for the Haymarket. If, however, he has a tendency to old age in his heroes, it must in justice to him be allowed that he rushes into the other extreme—avoiding the venerable and seeking for the new—in his jokes and his incidents.

SCENE—*The outside of a Cottage. WELLWORTH pruning a Gooseberry-bush in the centre.*

Wellworth. Another thorn run into my finger. Well, it can't be helped. Where there is fruit, we ought to be satisfied with the good we find, and not care for the sharp things that we may encounter in getting to it. I wonder where poor old Grandmother Brownwig can have got to. Bless her! I never look upon her venerable hairs, brown with nearly ninety autumns, but I feel a something gushing into my eyes. Hang it! it can't be a tear; no, no! Stephen Wellworth is too much of a man for that.

CICELY enters from behind, and, seeing WELLWORTH, stands at the back unobserved.

I wish that Cicely were here. I don't know how it is, but I love that girl, though I'm too proud to tell her so ; for she's well to do, and I'm poor. If I were rich I'd tell her my mind in a moment.

Cicely (advancing). And Cicely knows your mind, Stephen ; and loves you all the better for this little avowal than for all the compliments that you could have offered to her face.

Wellworth. Why, Cicely, I didn't expect this.

Cicely. And why not, Stephen ? You would have been frank with me, but for your pride. I would not see it humbled, so I have been frank with you. Woman's gentler nature is more fitted to acknowledge the weakness of her heart ; and when she really loves, she would scorn, for the mere gratification of vanity, to extort from his nobler spirit an avowal which, if her affection be really strong, she can well afford to make without humility.

Wellworth. Thank you—thank you, Cicely. Then henceforth we understand each other. But what if poor old Grandmother Brownwig should object to our union ?

Cicely. She object ? No, Stephen, there is no fear that she will object, unless she sees reason for objecting ; and then we ought not to press it.

Wellworth. Why, no ; and yet I don't see what Grandmother Brownwig has to do with it. I'm not going to marry her, you know.

Cicely. Very true, Stephen. But I know your own better judgment will some day say that I was right. Now, believe what I tell you. You will, I know you will.

Wellworth. Well, well ; don't let us talk about that any more just now. But here comes the old lady, and with her that

hungry fellow, Sharpshoes. Why, I really think he'd eat an elephant, if anybody would lend him a saucepan to boil it in.

Cicely. It's not his appetite that I object to, Stephen, for that is a part of our nature ; and nothing that nature gives, ought to be the subject of a sneer.

Wellworth. I didn't sneer at him, Cicely. I only said his twist was a tolerably voracious one.

Enter SHARPSHOES and GRANDMOTHER BROWNWIG.

Grandmother B. Hi ! hi ! Ah ! ah ! Let me see, that was fifty-seven years ago last Candlemas. I remember it very well ; because on that day I lent Master Sparrowgrass—no, it wasn't Master Sparrowgrass, neither ; it must have been old Dame Fortyman.

Sharpshoes. Well, now, never mind Master Sparrowgrass ; you asked me to dinner, Mrs. Brownwig, and though I've taken off my great coat, my appetite still clings to me. If we are to have some of your old recollections bring them on with the dinner ; and while you indulge your memory let me discuss the mutton.

Grandmother B. Hi ! hi ! You're a witty dog, Master Sharpshoes—just like old Peter the serving-man, who used to live at the large hostel in the village. He was a wag (*chuckles*). Oh ! what a rare old joke that was he used to tell about—but it's quite gone now—quite gone—all gone.

Sharpshoes. And so much the better, Grandmother Brownwig, if it was an old one ; old jokes, the sooner they're gone the better.

Wellworth (coming forward). I've heard you make some new ones, Mr. Sharpshoes, that you would have been glad to have found gone ; but you could not get them to go at all—ha ! ha ! ha ! (*They all laugh at Sharpshoes, who retires up rather angry.*)

Cicely. My good grandmother, how do you feel this morning ? Wellworth and I were just saying—that—that—

Grandmother B. Well, child, go on ; what were you just saying ?

Wellworth. Why you see, grandmother, we thought that if we could persuade you to let us just—

Grandmother B. Ha ! ha ! I see—just to turn the poor old woman out of doors. (*Weeps*). Well, well, I dare say I'm very troublesome, but that's not my fault—it's my misfortune.

Cicely (sobbing). Poor ! Poor ! Poor ! Grandmother !

Wellworth (stifling his emotion). Oh ! (*recovering himself gradually*). No—grandmother, we never could have meant that. Hang it, no ! If I had but a crust you should be welcome to it.

Sharpshoes (coming forward). What's that about crusts ? I'm ready for anything, from a sirloin to a sandwich.

Grandmother B. Crusts—sirloins—sandwiches. Ay, Ay, I remember—in the reign of William the Fourth ; no, it was George, I think.

Cicely. Never mind George the Fourth, grandmother, it was of our marriage we wished to speak ; I thought, and Stephen thought, that—that—. Didn't you think so, Stephen.

Wellworth. Oh, yes, exactly ! that was my idea completely.

Grandmother. Hi, hi ! Ha, ha, ha ! I see all about it ; I was young once and could sing, "Young Love lived once in an humble shed." (*Sings a part of the song in a very feeble voice.*) But no, that's all gone now ; and past—69 years ago last Bartlemy. Come let's go in and talk about it, softly, softly, softly. [*They lead her in, and the orchestra plays part of the air of "Young Love lived once in an humble shed," to finish the scene.*]

SCENE FROM CREDIT.

BY SIR E. L. B. L. E. D. B—R, BART.

AUTHOR OF "MONEY."

THIS remarkable writer throws about the riches of reading with the sportive facility of a Croesus throwing handfuls of copper amongst a grateful crowd. His pleasant method of alluding to what great philosophers said or thought, without boring us with what they really did think or say, is a happy device, saving the writer the labour of looking the matter up, and the reader the weariness of perusing it. How much better it is to tell us that such a philosopher spoke the truth than to inflict upon us what, if it is a truth, must of necessity be a commonplace; for it may be taken for granted that when a thing has been said a thousand years ago, we shall find when it is repeated to us, that we have merely been going through the form of a new introduction to an old acquaintance—a process which the severest stickler for ceremony would regard as utter waste of time, to say the least of it. The author of two of the most deservedly successful of modern dramas can well afford to have written one of the rejected Comedies.

SCENE—*A Library. STAVELY discovered reading.*

Stavely (putting down his book.) Anastasius was certainly right, and Euripides almost as certainly wrong. Yet it is difficult to decide between them. I had rather hold with the Roman bard who when he was told that Phidias—(*enter a Servant*). S'death, sir, did I not say I was at home to no one?

Servant. I thought, sir, that to Mr. Wentworth—

Stavely (hurriedly). Wentworth, Wentworth, how dare you come without him?

Servant. I have not, sir, he is at the door.

[*STAVELY starts up. WENTWORTH enters. They rush into each other's arms, and the Servant bows and retires.*

Stavely. How are you, Wentworth, my old companion at Eton, my chum at college, and my friend everywhere ?

Wentworth. And, indeed, your friend has been almost everywhere since he saw you last.

Stavely. Sit down, my good fellow, and tell me all about it. Stokes ! (*enter Servant*), some claret. [*Exit Servant.*

[*They draw their chairs to the front of the stage, and sit.*

Wentworth. Well, Stavely, since I last dined with you at the Club, I have wandered over Italy ; I have conversed with the spirit of the Cæsars in the Colosseum ; drank to the memory of Hannibal in the middle of the Alps ; bathed on the shore of Baïæ, and read Pliny on the top of Mount Vesuvius *.

Stavely. What luxury, what truly classic enjoyment. But it is like my friend. The noble Wentworth always had a soul for the great men—it is hardly impiety to call them the gods—who made the Augustan age a proverb to ages yet unborn.

Wentworth. And you, Stavely, how has time passed with you ?

Stavely. As the sand passes the hour-glass, with a slow but sure tendency, to reach—at last—the end.

Wentworth. What ! Still as melancholy as ever. Still that strange but good-hearted idealist I knew at college.

Stavely. No ! Wentworth, I am not now an idealist. I was, I confess it. But I have read Hobbes, and become convinced of my error. Do you recollect that beautiful passage, by-the-by, in the third chapter ?

Wentworth. I do ; and I have often dwelt upon it ; often

* Pliny, as the classical student will be aware, was buried in the ashes of Vesuvius during an eruption. The mountain which was then his tomb, has since become his monument.

wished that Stavely might see it, and that Stavely might become a convert to its doctrine.

Stavely. And Stavely is a convert, ay, a zealous one; for your apostate is always more enthusiastic than your born bigot. Did you never observe that in nature the tide ebbs faster than it flows; the fruit goes to nothing much more rapidly than it came to something; the bird returns to its nest with a fleeter wing than it quitted it; and the horse that leaves the stable with a sluggish pace, will often gallop home again.

Wentworth. I see you have studied nature with a keen eye. Believe me, it is the only book that really teaches. There is more to be learnt from one leaf of a tree, than fifty leaves of foolscap.

Stavely. That depends upon how we read it. Some take a leaf in the hand, only to crush it. Some to steal from it its grateful odour. Some to mix its verdure with the garish flower; but, alas! how few—how very few—take a leaf as a thing to study—to peruse again and again—to put by at night, and to recur to in the morning—to trace its smallest veins—its minutest vessels. That is indeed taking a leaf out of the book of nature.

Wentworth. So my friend has become a botanist?

Stavely (laughing). No, no, not quite a botanist. Indeed the flowers I have paid attention to lately belong to Apollo rather than to the fragrant goddess who presides over the horticultural *fêtes* at Chiswick. Flora has been very secondary to the Muses. I have written a poem.

Wentworth. A poem! What pleasure the announcement affords me. I always knew that Stavely, my friend, my companion, with his high and lofty imaginings, was not destined to remain mute and inglorious for ever. What pleasure Caroline will experience at the news.

Stavely. Caroline—yes—why—oh! that is—I mean—No—I'm sorry that you mentioned Caroline.

Wentworth. And why should you be sorry? Caroline is

my sister. You are my friend. Why should we refrain from speaking of one whom both of us love ?

Stavely. Why—ye—ye—yes, that's very true, but Caroline has been accustomed to affluence. I am not rich. Caroline receives adulation from the proud and nobly born. I am an humble member of the middle class. A gentleman, it is true, but one of the gentlemen of nature—not of the Court Guide. Caroline may feel that pride is a passion not a principle, and is therefore more sensitive to wounds. These are the only reasons that I had for wishing you not to speak of Caroline.

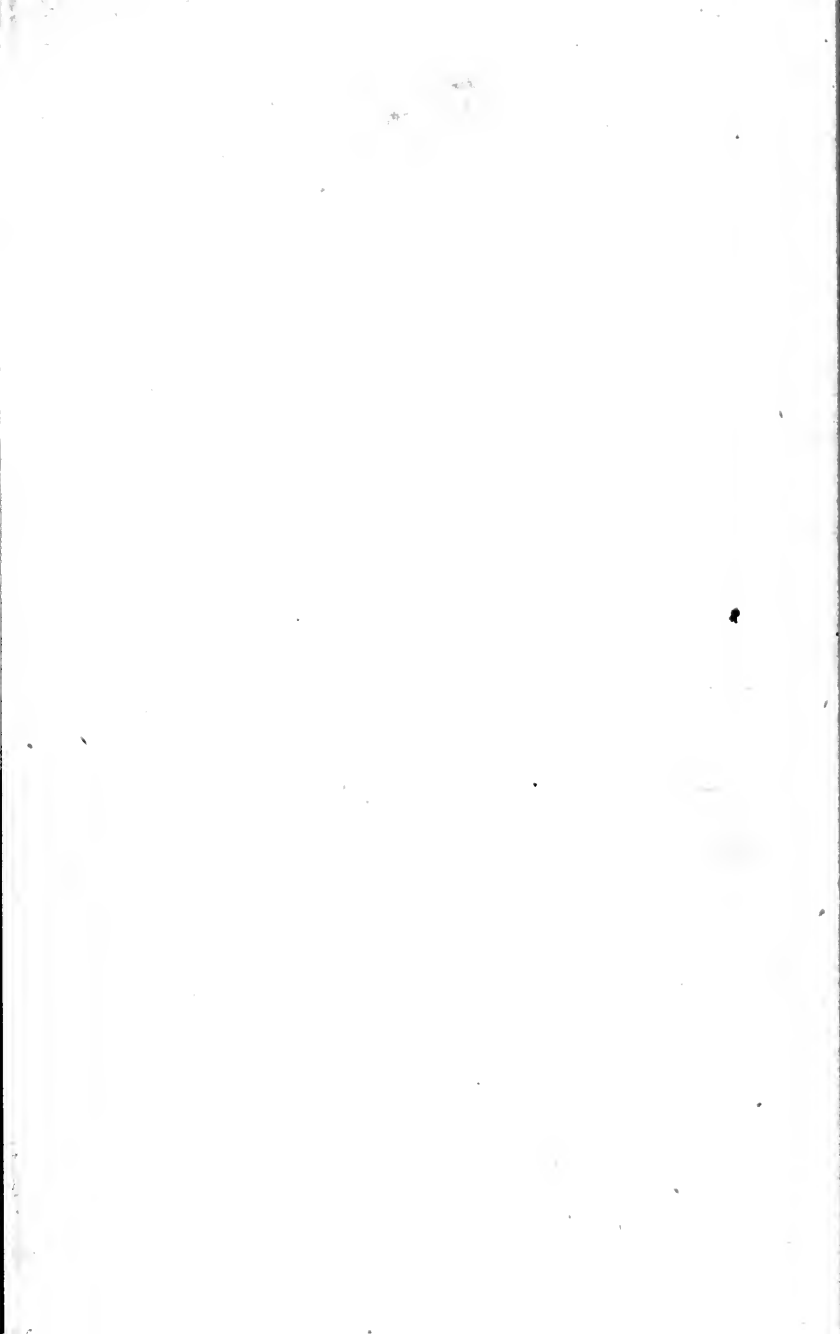
Wentworth. Well, well, that's all very well, but she is my sister; and if the relationship is anything but a mere name I can read her heart, as I interpret my own. Stavely, I am convinced that that girl loves you with an intensity that woman alone knows how to love with, and even she but once. I have no faith in your second affections; they are like the flame that follows the lightning. It illuminates but it never warms. The first may scorch, may tear, may even destroy, but it hits, Stavely, and where it strikes first it remains to the last; where it falls once it lies for ever. Come, let us go together and seek her.

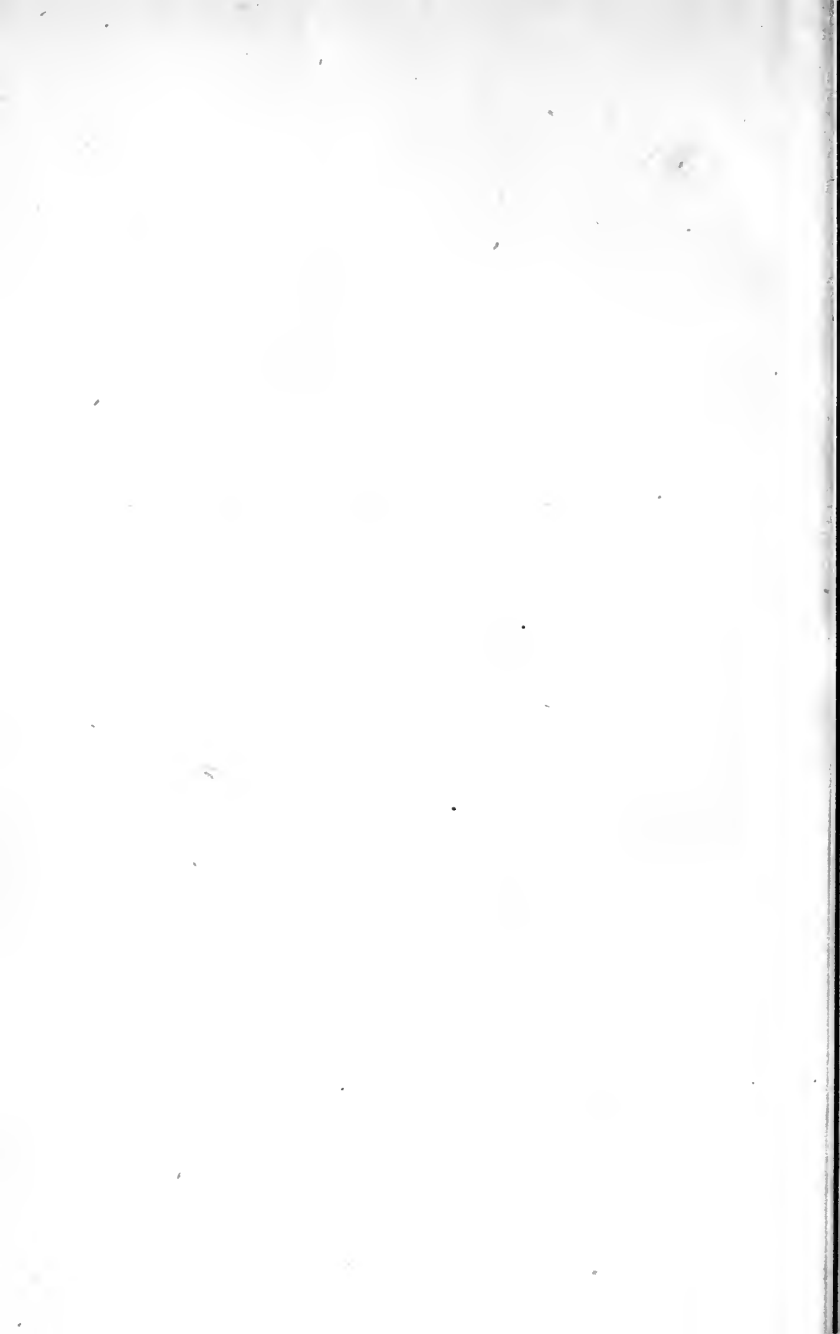
Stavely. Is she then in town—and—and—and—at hand; is Caroline—I mean your sister—is she near us at this moment—I mean now—that is, while I am speaking—is—is—Caroline?

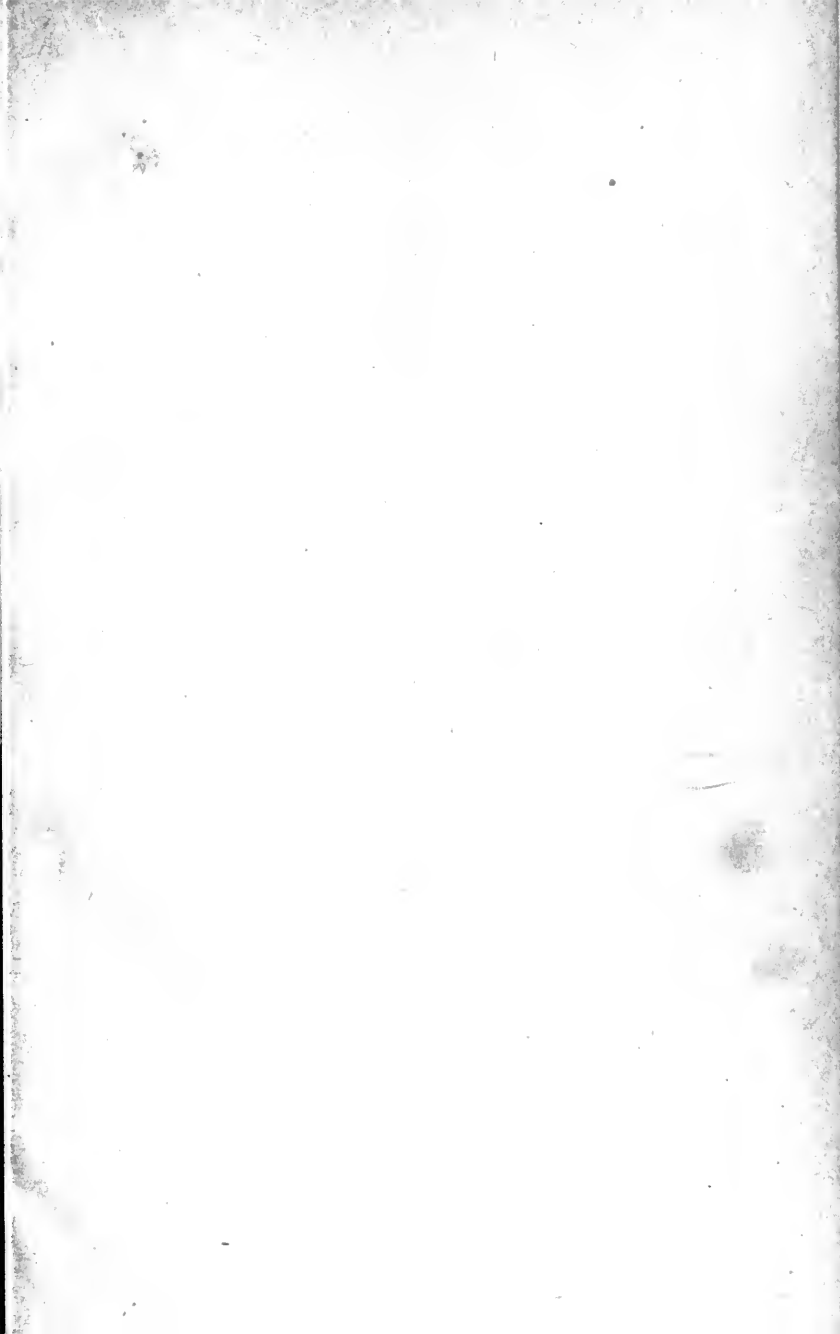
Wentworth (dragging him off and laughing). Come, come, my good fellow, this confusion of yours will confound me presently. If you don't make yourself better understood by Caroline than you are by me, with all my faith in her I should fear some misunderstanding between you (*forcing him off*). Come, come.

Stavely (as he is being dragged off). This is too much (*a pull from Wentworth*)—my bene—(*another pull*)—factor—my f—(*another pull*) my friend!

[*Exeunt.*]







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